

AFFECTUUM DECIDUA,
Or
DVE EXPRESSIONS
In honour of the truly noble
CHARLES CAPELL Esq.

(Sonne to the right honourable
ARTHUR L^d CAPELL

Baron of Hadham) deceased on

Christmas Day

1656.

by Fr. Turner. Schol. of New College

*Quis desiderio sit pudor, aut modus
Tam Chari Capitis? ———*

OXFORD,
Printed Anno Dom. 1656.

ARTS AND CRAFTS

OF

THE EXPOSITION

IN HONOR OF THE CITY OF

CHARLES CAPPELL

(Source: The City of London)

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London, 1851

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Printed and Published by
J. W. Smith, 1851

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To the Honourable
HENRY CAPELL Esq:

Son to the Lord CAPELL, Baron of Hadham:

These ensuing ELEGIES
 are

Most humbly Dedicated and Presented.

Most Honour'd Sr,



When I had wept so long, till all their store
 Mine Eyes had spent, and so could weep no more;
 My Hands turn'd Publicanes, t' recieveth' Arrears,
 Such as were sent by other Volunteers.

I know what hazard They, and I may run,
 Condemn'd perhaps for strange presumption;
 But, view Those Hearts, which through the mourning Dresse
 Of reptile Elegies, are crept to th' Presse,
 And You'l confesse, as all the World beside,
 It was our Duties Product, not our Pride:
 Then thinke (for charitie) that all was done
 Out of Respect, not Ostentation;

(2)

And where the highest Auxefis You see,
Call it ambitious Realitie.

Believe but This, let Hell, and Earth let loose
Censures, which might Momus himselve amuse:
Go angry Billowes, cease to Roare, or Hiss,
Though *Caster* 's gon, *Pollux* my Patron is.

Your Honour's most faithfull,
most humble, and most
obliged Servant

FRANC: TURNER.

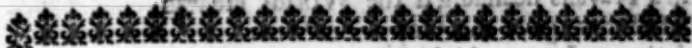


To



And

A



To the Right Honourable
The Lady CAPELL Baronesse,
by occasion of the death of the highly
accomplisht her deare Son

Mr CHARLES CAPELL.

Madam,

Should I curse *Atropos* for this,
Or damne *Alceto* to Whippe *Lachesis*;
Should I make huge Apostrophe's to Fate,
Or banne pale Death as too Importunate,
I know you'd loath each line: Your Nobler sense
Honour'd by us, Worships a Providence:
You bow to th' Justice, Goodnesse, and the Care
Of that Allmighty Guardian whose you are
And whom you serve, and could not chuse but cry
Out Heathenisme! out Fledg'd Blasphemy!
But since your Honour knowes our hearts are cold,
Pardon a sigh or two: We must be bold
To beg't, and to conceive't a Veniall Sin
To let those goe no Spirit can keepe in

Th'are all for *Him* of whom you thinke and dream,
For as small Brook's are Swallow'd in the streame,
And th' Plague devours Agnes: so W' are growne
To have ten thousand greits, and yet but *One*.

In *Him* Was (ah sad Was!) in *Him* was seene
Our all; more than all *Nestor* at eightene:

In's Travails he indulg'd the World, Hewan
 Affections, gave the Copy of a Man:
 At home, I cry to thinke how Coveted
 Ith' Feild, ith' Schooles, at Councells, Board, and Bed.
 We cannot guesse our losse: The *Spaniard* know's
 As well what ingot in *Potosi* growes;
Neptune may count his Treasures up assoone;
 As we what Glory's buried here in one.

His worth cracks Phancy, and Hyperboles:
 Fame would performe his Apotheosis,
 But Finds her selfe too weake ith' Lungs to hold
 Till th' Tith off him toth' listning world be told:
 Men cald him Heav'n on earth, but Now we see
 That Heav'n on Heav'n makes no False Heraldry.

This was his Scene: he came to be desir'd
 And Blush, at's owne deserts to be admir'd.
 Yours, *Madam*, is the Next: and 'tis that Feild
 Must to your sexes Valour Trophee's Yeild,
 Whose tenderneffe hates steele: Tis this must be
 Your *Marston-moore*, *Edg-Hill*, and *Newbury*:
 Never came Passion so impow'r'd, so strong,
 Or Mad for Conquest: We here of the throng
 All looke at th' Issue. Get the day: and then
 Great *Xander* waits among your serving men.

You'd know how such a Battle might be won:
 Heare what your Chaplaine say's, and it is done.

Your Ladyships with all Lowlineffe
 and Devotion to Serve you

R. SHARROCK.

On the Death of the honourable
CHARLES CAPELL

Esq; , deceased not long be-
 fore His intended Marriage,

O Ne onely Time (that happy Day ,
 From which I keepe my *Epocha*)
 I saw *This* Heroe, such a sight
 Might rivall Heav'n, and Earth benight ,
 Let those who knew *Him* better, praise
His noble Soule; my humbler Bayes.
 Aspire no further, then to shew
 The strangeness of that *Interview*:
 Thus to behold the greatnesse of our losse,
 His face shall serve me for a Looking glasse,
 Whose trickling Eyes did never see
 In nature's proudest Imag'ry,
 One of so rare a make as *HE*:
 Methoughts *His* manly visage down'd,
 That Love, and Honour there were thron'd,
 As if they Two should on that stage,
 Get warriors for the future Age:
 His Eyes they might be *Venus* hopes,
 And yet *Bellona's* Telescopes:
 One Glance could looke us Dead, and then
 Another call us back agen.
 Who this should be, my guesse had straggled farr;
 He seem'd both *Phabus*, and the *God of Warr*;

But

But by instinct, at last I hit
 That 'twas *Prince Arthur's* sonne, and yet
 That *HE* himselfe was *Charles the Great*,
 Who e're *He* was, the standers by
 Were all *Bedwarfs*, as well as I,
 For what so ere *He* did, it all
 Became *Him* as a Generall.
 O had he bin the *Giants* Cheife,
 To range their Troops and bring reliefe,
 To fetch them off, and lead them on,
 (Though they cashier'd *Oromedon*)
 Maugre the shrinking Gods, and their allies,
 They might have sup't that very night i'th' skies.
 And *Jove* the lesler, poore pedee,
 Pressing to serve *Him* on the Knee,
 Resign'd *His* ill-got Sovereignty.
 Say then, interpreter, whose Eye
 Uncloud's the mistique Energy
 Of things abstruse, come tell us how
 Death overcame *Hus* courage now;
 Was *He* tan'e napping (as 'tis said)
 Upon *His* almost-Nuptiall bed?
 Or did *His* haughty Soule disdain,
 To fight the dastard Death againe?
 Esteeming *Him* but as a vanquisht foe,
 'Bove Sixteene Hundred *Christmasses* agoe?
 No, no such stratagem would take,
 For all *His* valour would awake
 For *His* betrothed Ladie's sake.
 But the *Triumphant* Church on high,
 Wanted *His* presence in the Skie,
 And

And now forsaken we must want
 His presence in the *Militant* :
 Thinke then *He* was *unman'd* to be
 Made Part'ner in That *Hierarchie* :
 And what we nick-nam'd Froward Fate,
 A Prologue to His nobler State;
 So like *Enaas* *He* made hast to Die
 The fitter to accept a Deity.
 But, were not Heav'n His Journey's End,
 In *One so High*, I durst contend
 'Twere *Condescension to Ascend*.

THO: HUSEY

Col: Trinit. Gent. Com:



On the much lamented Death, of the honourable
 CHARLES CAPELL Esq;

SO soone remov'd? can *HE* be winged Hence
 And all the Muses dumb? can *He* commence
 A Saint in Secret? Such a Sun as *HE*
 Be thus envelop'd in the Canopie
 Of profound Darknesse, long, and dismall Night,
 And shall not we all mourne in Black and White?
 It cannot be! for even costive I,
 Whose Hide-bound fancy dread's all Poëtrie,
 Now strein to weepe a Rythme, and needs must vent
 My greife in uncouth language, and lament

The world's sad losse, and Towing Honour's Fall,
In *This*, so Great a Person's, Funerall.

Generall Catastrophe! the Nation
Seem's to be almost *Levell'd*, now *He's* gon:
And, if *His Brother* did not live to be
All Ages Pattern, and Typographie
Of wondring *Europe*; Id'e believe henceforth
That there might be a *Parity* in worth;
And none hereafter dare to plead pretence
To anie, 'bove the vulgar Excellence:
But This prodigious *HE*, finding a Dearth
Of Heroe's, made *His* Life equall *His* Birth;
And, not content with native Greatnesse, *HE*
Improv'd *His* richer Soile by Industrie,
And ever husbanded *His* time so well,
He was become full Ripe before *He* Fell.
But Blasted are our Hopes, let's fruitfully
Water with Teares *His* Hearse, let every
Pen speake *Him* truly Great, and Good, and cry
Such are the Ruins of Nobility!

GABRIELL THISTLETHWAYTE,

Fellow of New Col. Civ.



On
The Truly Noble *CHARLES CAPELL*

Esq; immaturesly taken hence, being with in
few weekes of Marriage.

VHen Common men decease, t'will serve their turns;
If with a sigh we waite upon their Urnes,
Wee'l no such Mourning: who come's here, tis meant
Hebring the Bottles of some Penitent:
His eyes and all, like clouds must pregnant be
With Showers to lament *This* Destiny!
That the Faire *Lady*, whom *His* Courtly charmes,
Prevail'd, e're long, t'empale within *His* Armes,
Betweene *Her selfe*, and *Her dead Lover* (As
'Twixt *Hero* and *Leander* once it was)
May to bewaile th' *Division*, see there do'es
An *Hellsport* of Teares soone interpose.

Nor can we give lesse Passion to condole
The suddaine Flight of so *Divine* a soule;
As disaffected with the baser waies,
Trod by the Gallants of these lewder dayes,
An higher Walke frequented 'bove the place
Where th' Gyant Planet trot's his lofty pace;
Shooting *His* thoughts (those arrowes of the mind)
Up to the Pallace of the *Unconfin'd*.

But this *Elogium* only shew's we scan
His Christian Parts, Let's speake *Him* as a man:
 Since Madam Nature ha's *Her Jewels* too,
 Those Minion Graces that she doe's bestow.

And breathing on *This* Theame, who'l not suppose
 I'me blowing open a most Fragrant Rose?
 For looking thus into *Him*, what do I
 But into a like Garden boldly pry
 As that where Poets say men may behold,
 A stately Tree laden with Fruit of gold?
His youthfull yeares could we exactly trace
 They'd make a frosty Grandfire hide his Face,
 To know the Prudence that enchas'd *His* breast,
 More than by doating *Rabbies* is posselt.
His Temper was so sweete, *His* wit acute,
 'Twould ha' made *Fletcher*, or *Ben-Jonson*, mute:
His valour too may well be understood,
 When in such times as These, He durst be Good;
Who as in age, so still in vertue rose,
 It is no wonder Heav'n would *Him* engrosse.

Thus the bright Queene, That Regent of the Night,
 As she advance's gathers Greater Light,
 Yet must at length (if not dissolve) Away,
 The World's not made without a Fatall day.

THO. HOWELL.

On

On the Death of *CHARLES CAPELL*

Esq; second Sonne to the L^d *CAPELL*
of famous memory, hapning
on *Christmas-Day*.

Could fable Drops from Pen and Eyes distill,
Or Briny Teares b' extracted from a Quill,
Could Greife with Colour'd Accents sighing groane,
Or Words put on a sad Complexion;

I'd writing weepe, and weeping write; my Teares
Should speake *Thy* Death, my words bedew *Thine* Hearse.

My Genius ('tis confest) vailes to the Rest
In writing Elegies: Mourne's with the best.
Should Heedlesse Greife some faults in Lines incurre,
Teares should wash out the blot; Groanes cense the blurre.

Presumptuous Death! t'insult and Triumph then.
On Men Renown'd, and Nobler Spirits; when
Thine owne Captivity thou should'st deplore
Gain'd by our Captains Birth, a Saviour.
So stormes a Calme deface: unhappy we
To mourne, not joy on the *Nativity*.

But stay, sure 'twas *Thy* Zeale, Divine desire
To solemnize this Feast among the Quire
Of Saints and Angels, where to Sing thy Part,
And fill the Chorus, these shall give thee Art.

Pardon, *Dear Saint*, since I've presum'd to be
 Partner in Greife, grant an Indemnity
 T' a Twilight-fancy, whose bright sunne being late
 Shall cease to write, though not to imitate.

WILL: MILLS Batch of Arts
 in New. Coll.



On the Death of the truly Noble
 and no lesse vertuous

CHARLES CAPELL Esq;

who dyed of the Small-Pox

Vpon ChrlistMas Day Last.

TO write *your* Lifewere it my Taske *Great Sir*,
 I feare I should subscribe your murderer:
 To do't to *Halves* were faire, But t' would be f'ed
 I kill'd *you*, were't but *drawne and quartered*;
 Yet he's *Long-liu'd, dread Saint*, who but procures
 Life to improve like *You* the *Tythes* of *Tours*.
 So that I dare not say, *You* Non-ag'd dy'd:
 Though it be true, the world would swear I Ly'd:

Nay

Nay, though by what *You* Liv'd, it might have knowne
 Had *You* Liv'd still, *You*'dener'e beene over-growne,
 Yet *Under-age* itwo'nte allowe, but hold
Your Ripeness ne're was *You*-age'd, but borne Old.
 Were 't not that *Innocence* are *Infants* style'd
 Who saw *You* Youngest never knew *You* Childe:

Prose licence me! For *Him* verse is not meete
 Whose Life, though soone *run-out*, *out-runs* those *Facts*.

I would dare venture on't, but since I know
 To speak to th' Life is not to make *Him* so,
 Nothing but Death I'll breath, I ne're did feare
 The *Small-Pox* could fore-run a *Plague* but Here:
 'Twould *Rack* a Poet-parliament to fit
 And club Invention to speake well of it.
 Those *spots* *His* Body did bespangle, say
 That they were *stars* fix'd in the *milkie-way*,
 Yet mourning *His* DECREASE, we must complaine
Stars in this milkie-way prove'd *CHARLES* *HIS* *WAIN*.
Small-Pox! Thou *nick-name'd* Evill! I dare not call
 That Grape-stone which but choak'd *Anacron*, Small,
 And shalt Thou be? Thou shouldst have cast about
 To play *small games*, then Here thou hadst stood out.
 What? least that *Noble Blood* should still have gone
 Untainted, must Thou bring Infection?

Could I spit venome to blemish thee, I'de trie
 To make thy *spots* more and of deeper Die.

And, Thou *Black-day*, scarce should I think it fit
 To name thee under *Black* and *White* with it:
 But that I find thee *Checker'd*, for I see
 His Death falls in with *Christs* *Nativitie*.
 And thus 'twas fit. *His* Life and Death accorde,
 He liv'd, the *Day* speakes, to die in the Lord.

Then

Then quit the day: And 'till we thinke of worfe
We'll let the *Pox* that plagu'd us be a *Curse*.

EDW: LOWE

fellow of New Col.



On the Death of the Eminently Enobled
CHARLES CAPELL Esq;
Who, after *He* had honour'd *Winton Coll.*

with *His* Education, and accomplishe

Himselfe with a voyage into

FRANCE,

Dyed of the *Small-Pox*, at

LONDON

Last *Christmas*

1656.

S How'r downe your Ponderous Teares, who e're you be
Dare Write, or Read a *CAPELL'S* Elegie,
Spangle *His* Hearse with Pearles, such as are borne
'Twixt the blear'd Eielids of an o're cast Morn:
And (but 'tis vain t' expostulate with Death,
Or vilifie the Fates with frustrate breath)

Pose

Pose Destinie with *Why's*, *Why* Such a Sun
 Should set, before *His* Noonetide Stage were run?
Why This Faire Volume should be Bound so fast
 In Wooden Covers, Clasp't-up in such hast?
 Was Nature fond of It's Large Character,
 And those Divine Impressions graven There?
 Did shee, least we should spoyle't (to wave that Sin)
 'Cause 'twas the Best-Edition *call-it-in*?
 Or would our Vaunting *Iste* that Saints should see
 Th' utmost of all our Prodigalitie,
 Fearing some detriment by long delay,
 Send Heav'n a *New-Year's-Gift*, Before the Day?
 No: th' Empyrean *Philomels* could sing
 Without *His* voice; no *Carolls* to their King.

England's Metropolis (for 'twas in Thee
He dy'd) We re-baptize Thee *Calvarie*,
 The Charnel-house of Gallantry, henceforth
 We brand Thy Front, with, *Golgotha of Worth*.

Had *He* bin Swallow'd in that Curteous Deep
He Travail'd o're, *He* had bin lull'd asleep
 In th' Amorous *Sea-Nymphs* stately Armes at ease,
His Great Name would Imposthumate the Seas;
 That when the Waves should Swell, and Tempests rise,
 (Strong Waters challenging the Dastard Skies)
 Poore Shipwrack't Mariners, remembering *Him*
 Should court *His* *Asterisme*, and cease to swim;
 Abjure the *Fatall-Brothers* glow-worme-Fires,
 And dart at *Him* their languishing desires.

Had *France* intomb'd *Him* (what Our *Land* forbid's)
 Nature had rear'd *Him* Stately *Pyramids*
 The lofty *Alpes*, where it had bin most meete
 Their harmlesse Snow should be *His* Winding sheet,

That *Alabaster-Coverture* might be
 An Embleme of *His* native-Puritie:
 Had *He* fall'n *There*, it had bin *True* perchance,
WICCHAM's Third Colledge might be found in FRANCE.

But *He* return'd from Thence, curb'd *Neptune's* pride,
 And, to our Fame and Greife, came Home, and Dy'd.
 Thus, when the Heav'n ha's whee'd it's *Dayly* Race
 About Our Earth, At *Night* it's glorious *Face*
 Is *Pox's* with Starres: Yet Heav'n admits no Blot,
 And ev'ry Pimple *There's* a Beauty-spot.
 Shortliv'd *Disease*, that can't be cur'd and gon,
 By One sweet *Morning's Resurrection!*

Adieu Great *Sir*, whose Totall *He* that will
 Describe in Folio need's a *Cherub's* Quill.
 Zealous Posterity *Your* Tombe shall stirre,
 Hoard up *Your* Dust, Rife *Your* Sepulcher,
 And (as the *Turks* did *Standerbeg's* of old)
 Shall weare *your* Bones in Annulets of Gold.
 - But my blasphemous Pen, prophane's *His* Glory,
 I'll say but *This* to 'all *His* Tragique Story:

Were not the *World* well-nigh it's *Funerall*,
 I'de ne're believe so Bright a *Starre* could *Fall*.

THO. FLATMAN,

fellow of New Col.

On the lamented death of
CHARLES CAPELL Esq;
 deceased last *Christmas*. 1656.

First shall the Poles concurre, and joine in one,
 And vaulted Snayles the light foot Hare out-run:
 First shall the Ocean sinke into a Drop,
 And life, and Death t' oppose each other stop;
 E're Pen, or Tongue, or Thought, can comprehend
 Our boundlesse losses by Great *CAPELL's* End.
 Were the sage Antiquaries Heer combin'd
 In Him alone they'd a *Non ultra* find.

Could now my power my heart but countermain,
 I'de tread the Clouds to view *Him in His Wain*:
 Wer't at my liberty to weep my fill,
 Mine Eyes should Bloody Deluges distill,
 That heav'n, and Earth might both be dy'd in Red,
 'Caus Black's too Light to moan a *CAPELL* dead.
 Thrice happy *Julius*, may thy Year be term'd,
 Whose Rise and Fall Two *Heroes* have confirm'd:
 Thy *January*, and *December*, shall
 Be writ henceforth in Letters Capitall.
 Royall approximation! These Two Themes
 Tell us, the Vertues may be in Extreame:
 What t' *One Montrose's* learned Sword once gave
 Th' *Other* shall in our Hearts Engraven have


Methinks we all Circumferentiall seeme,
 Till meeting we Concentricate in *Him*.
 Nature's Epitome, Our Blazing Starre
 In whom like Rayes the vertues gather'd were;
 Thus much in Generalls: for *He's* like Stars
 Too comprehensive for Particulars.
 His fame (like th'Eagle from a Roman's Hearse)
 By *Psaphon's* Birds, shall fill the Universe.

Thrice happy *Wicchamsists*! on Us were darted
 The Morning Beams of This bright Sun departed.
 Unhappy world under Death's fatall Law
 Thou'rt Plundered of Thy Cornucopia,
 And spendthrifts we Our Stock being brought so Low,
 May quite despaire and now a begging go.
 Thus our Penfeather'd Lives may seem to be
 The Actors of our owne Catastrophe.

Rare, and Divine! too rich for Inhumation
 Fitter by farre, for *Enoch's* high translation.
 Boast not *Antipodes*, though You alone
 May say you tread against Two Worlds for one,
 Despair of Parallels now *Hee's* in Heaven,
 Till the next great *Platonick Fifty seven*.

THO: MUSPRAT

fellow of New Col.



ΕΡΗΝΟΘΡΙΑΜΒΟΣ:

Or

An ELEGIE

On the Death of the Honourable
CHARLES CAPELL Esq;
Who, after He had grac'd Winton Coll.
with His Society, made a Voyage into
FRANCE,
 And returning, upon Christmas Day, not long
 before *His* intended Marriage,
 Dyed 1656.

BUt it is true? Nay, then Intomb'd
 Wisdome must lie, and Honour Doom'd,
 Those Royall Twins that might comprize
 The Angels in their Hierarchies:
 That Eagle-spread, those Lamps that die
 The Azure-spangled-Canopie.

Lo! *CHARLES* is Dead, 'tis all in all,
 The losse is Epidemicall:
 Let *Orpheus* come, or *Heraclyte*,
 Let England club Her *Anchorite*,
 All's inarticulate, as be
 The speechlesse signes of Heraldrie.

Had I the *Prophet's* head, that Floud
 Of Sacred Sorrow, could I Bloud,
 As *Jove* did Gold, distill a Pond,
 And ev'ry drop a *Diamond*;
 Then would I write, and richly conne
 The Deluge of *Dentalion*;
 Then would I blaze the glimm' ring Sun,
 And Gild the Fate of *Pharson*;
 From's *Fall* I'de Vigour take, as once
 The Corps did from *Elisha's* Bones:
 So limbeck-like, I'de Rhet'rick drain,
 And drop it by retail againe.

Thus am I Tantaliz'd, and act
 The Mute, within a Cataract:
 Fame's Trump is full, but who can fize
 or Paramount Hyperbolies?

Yet (a) *Atys*-like I'll speake, and chide
 The Fate's disloyall *Deicide*;
 And He, as *Christ* in swathes, shall lie
 Grip't up in This Stenographie.

View then *His* Non-age, and the store
 Of *WICCHAM's* Mineralls, The Ore
 So oft refin'd, You'l change the list,
 Our Pioner prove's Alchymist:
Nestor's surviv'd; Here then descry
 Old *Aeson's* Palingenesy.

View *Him* agen, You'l find i'th' draught
 A Planet, or an *Argonaut*:
 The *Fleece* He gain'd, without a Spell,
 Or Palifado'd Sentinell:
 His *Hellepont* was but a Creek,
 His *Cholcos*, learned *Armorik*.

Correct your Maps; let *Rome* recall
 The *British* Colonie; let *Gaule*
 In *Him* confesse shee did descry
Re-romanized Britanny.

Hence then ye Dorres o'th 'Time, that prize
 Your drousy-Gods Idolatries;
 That Guard your *Lar*, and starve the name
 Of never-dying *Vesta's Flame*:
 Here's *He* that grace's both the Crowe
 Of *Pallas*, and *Diana's Bowe*;
His Dish was Knowledge, all *His Meate*
Carv'd Labour, and *His Sauce* was Sweate.

Was not One fam'd who once out-shone
 The Blazing-starre of *Macedon*?
 Whose Orientall Vertues made
Sol, *Cancer-like*, run *Retrograde*.
This, This is *He*, that Royall Gage,
Panaretus in's Minorage:
He that Heav'n's Empresse could dethrone,
 And captivate *Endymion*.
This, This is *He*, *His Heav'n* *He* saw,
His Hymen, and *His Naamah*.

But O the Fates! the greet is deare,
 The Azure's turn'd a Sable Spheare,
 And all reciprocally quasse
 An *Hymen*, and an Epitaph.
 Is this, your promise, Fate? be gon,
 'Tis damn'd Prevarication:
 Thy Syren's Voice, and Hyen's Guile,
 Ha's vanquish't *Egypt's Crocodile*.
 Fell Tyger, *Earth*! dare'st re-inthrall
 Thy Infant's? and turne *Caniball*?

Doe's not thy conscious Wombe confesse
An unaccustom'd Holynesse?

How shall I rate my Greife? Hee's dead,
How shall I be Inspirited?

Oh *Niobe* were Thy Fate mine,
I'de wring out Gore, and shower Brine,
I'de weepe to *Marble*, and abide
His Teare-distilling *Pyramide*.

But Stay, tis true, the *Prophet's* come,
Heav'n's Herauld's borne: *Delphos* be dumbe,
Thus *Ganymede's* arising Urne
Portend's the Fall of *Capricorne*.
He Falls, *Alcides*-like, to be
The Mirrour of *Astronomie*.

Could *Leo's*-Taile a Palace spare
For wanton *Berenice's* Haire,
And *Leo* Faile? No, scan the Blisse,
Tis *CAPELL's* Apotheosis:

The Hero's lispt, but who can conn
His Threno-thriambeuticon?

WILL. OLDYSS.

fellow of New Col.

On the Immature Death of the
 worthily Honoured, and truly noble,
CHARLES CAPELL Esq;
 who died on *Christmas* day
 Anno Dom. 1656.

Cease *Rocky* Mourners, you whose *Flinty* eyes
 Gush forth no Torrents at these obsequies
 If *Moses* spare his *Rod*: may none view this
 Rich Urne, who weep's without an Emphasis.

A *CAPELL's* Set, or *He* his lustre shrowd's,
 Mounting to's *Apogaeum* through the Clouds,
 For who dares thinke *He's* mortall, whose great name
 Can Entheat Dull-wits, and nonplus Fame?
 No, no, that hand that murther's others, is
 To *Him*, but *Enoch's* *Metamorphosis*.

Imagine how flaming *Elias* went,
 Coach't like bright *Phabus* through the firmament,
 Thus Soar'd our *Seraphim*: no period
 Stopt his Career till Centred in his God.

When Heaven's Great *Sonne* unmaskt his new-borne face,
 And like a Gyant, strong to run his race
 Flew from the Barriers of the wombe, and hurl'd
 Downe *Pythons* of faint glory, which the world
 Ador'd, *Augustus* humbly ceast to be
 Spil'd Lord, ecclipsed by Divinitie:

So *our Augustus* Hot with active Zeale
 Pluck't off *His* Body, then began to feele
 More vigorous Heat, which made him scorne to be
 Honour'd on Earth at *Christs* Nativitie,
 Wherefore undauntedly *He* cuts *His* way
 Through th' Earths *Charybdis*, Death's *Bulimia*:
 But (like the *Arke*) at last he haven's at
 The Toppe of that celestiall *Ararat*,
 Where *He* resides, a Representative
 Able to make another world Alive.

Ascended then *He* is and now His face
 Plac't in a better Light, presents each grace
 Fairer and more perspicuous to our Eyes,
 Then nearnesse can, the Pencill's rarities,
 Thus we admire, thus we adore the shrine
 That comprehended nought but was Divine.

Farewell Brave Soule, O that Earth had a Nest
 To lodg this Dove, where *He* a while might rest
 And then returne! Had *He* the *Phanix* doome
 We now might have another in *His* roome:
 Heav'n lent *Him* but foure Lustres, to which foure
He added Myriads of Lustres more,
 And sure this well-improved Talent may
 Expect glad Euge's at th' great Audit day.
 Weepe then sad World, and with rich Jove, each how'r
 Drop from *Thy* Treasury a Golden shower.
 He that lament's in usuall teares, doe's trie
 To make a pefant of a Deitie.

Once more Farewell High Spirit, we returne
 And bow in adoration to *Thine* urne,
 Before *Whose* loud Memorials shall cease,
 The fast-barr'd Graves their Pris'ners shall release.

In breife we lastly thus inscribe His Hearse,
Here ly's no *Microcosm*, but an *Universe*.

THO: KEN.

Hart-Hall Com.



On the untimely Death of the honourable

CHARLES CAPELL Esq;

(second Sonne to the Ladie CAPELL)

deceas'd on *Christmas* day last.

BUt, shall I trust the *Muses* on a Theame
Where, if not cautious, they must need's blaspheme?
Will not those *Pagans*, when they tell *His* fate
Lowdly with God, and Man expostulate?
Apt to pronounce in one licentious breath,
O Tyrant Heaven, and O Traitor Earth!
Or, if I ought to hope their daring pride
By this sad accident is mortifi'd,

Yet are They not so pin'de with greife, that all
Can scarce clubbe Verses for His Funerall.

Had I that Pen of *Mars*, *His* Father's Sword,
Not steept 'ith' *Muses* *Hors-poele*, but begoard
In vanquish't Blood, then with the Point impress't
On the Virgin Paper of my naked-Breast,
I'de grave His Eulogy, but that I feare,
I should assassinate *His* Image There:
Cheap is the Eye's Hydrography, a Floud
Too low, unlesse (with *Fove*) we could weep Blood.

Mirroure of Men! shuffled from Earth, and hurld
To Heav'n, to be the Riddle of the World;
With whom rash Nature travail'd in post-hast,
Borne an Old man, just like the *Protoplast*:
And, but for's Beauties, and refined parts,
Plundring the Caskets of poore Ladies hearts,
His charming graces, and what ever can
Compleat Nobilitie, and write Man, Man;
One so Heroick, Pious, Just, and Good,
We should distrust *Him* to be Flesh and Bloud;
But, heer's the greatest wonder (strange, and true)
He was a *CAPELL*, yet a Mortall too.

Thus happy was *His* life, but nobler blis
Attended on *His Apotheosis*:
Have you not seene the Starry Legions rowze
Themselves, to keepe their Nightly Rendezvouze,
And all those Heav'nly *Fanizaries* rise,
To guard the *Freckled Empresse* of the skies?
Till One (impatient to stand still, and heare
The charming Musick of each warbling Sphere)
Start's from His Rankes, and with dishevel'd Haire
Mak's an Excursion through the yielding Aire,

Dancing

Dancing to th' Harmony, as if he He meant
 To frisk *Lavallies* through the Firmament?
 So *His* unhackled Soule, shooting through th' Crowd,
 Of Lower thoughts, rode trampling on a Cloud,
 Through Convoies of bright Starres, while He out-vy'd
 Their starveling glories, whose eclipsed pride
 Carry'd His Torches, but the lesser Seaven
 His Linke-boyes were to light him up to Heaven:
Atlas the Elephant prefer'd to beare
 On 's brawny back, Heav'ns Castle in the Aire,
 Felt then new weight, groan'd thrice, and by degrees
 Sinking in Reverence, bent his humble knees,
 Whilest lost Chronology, had nought to say
 Wondring that *Christmas* was *Ascension Day*.

To my *Ladie* .

But, pardon (*Madam*) that our verses come
 When greife should strike us dead, or manners dumbe;
 For though *Your* sighes perfume *Him* with a breath
 Able t' aromatize the Grave, and Death;
 Yet, onely such *Confectioners* as wee;
 Are able to preserve *His* memorie;
 And *Your* Joint-regent Eyes, whose every Teare
 Can re-instate a Broken Jeweller,
 (Those Christall-Seas, where when *You* weepe, 'tis sai'd,
 We neede not Dive for Pearls, for there they wade,)
 Do piously usurpe Our share, when solely
You would monopolize all Melancholly.
 But, if these froathy Torrents of Our Eyes,
 Drowne with their Roaring, those Soliloquies,

Snatch't

Snatch't up to Heav'n for matter to make Hymns
 By myriads of attendant Seraphims,
 Shed but one costly Tear, and *you* shall see
 'Twill instantly *Dissolve the Companie.*

FRANC. TURNER

schollar of New Col.



FINIS.

